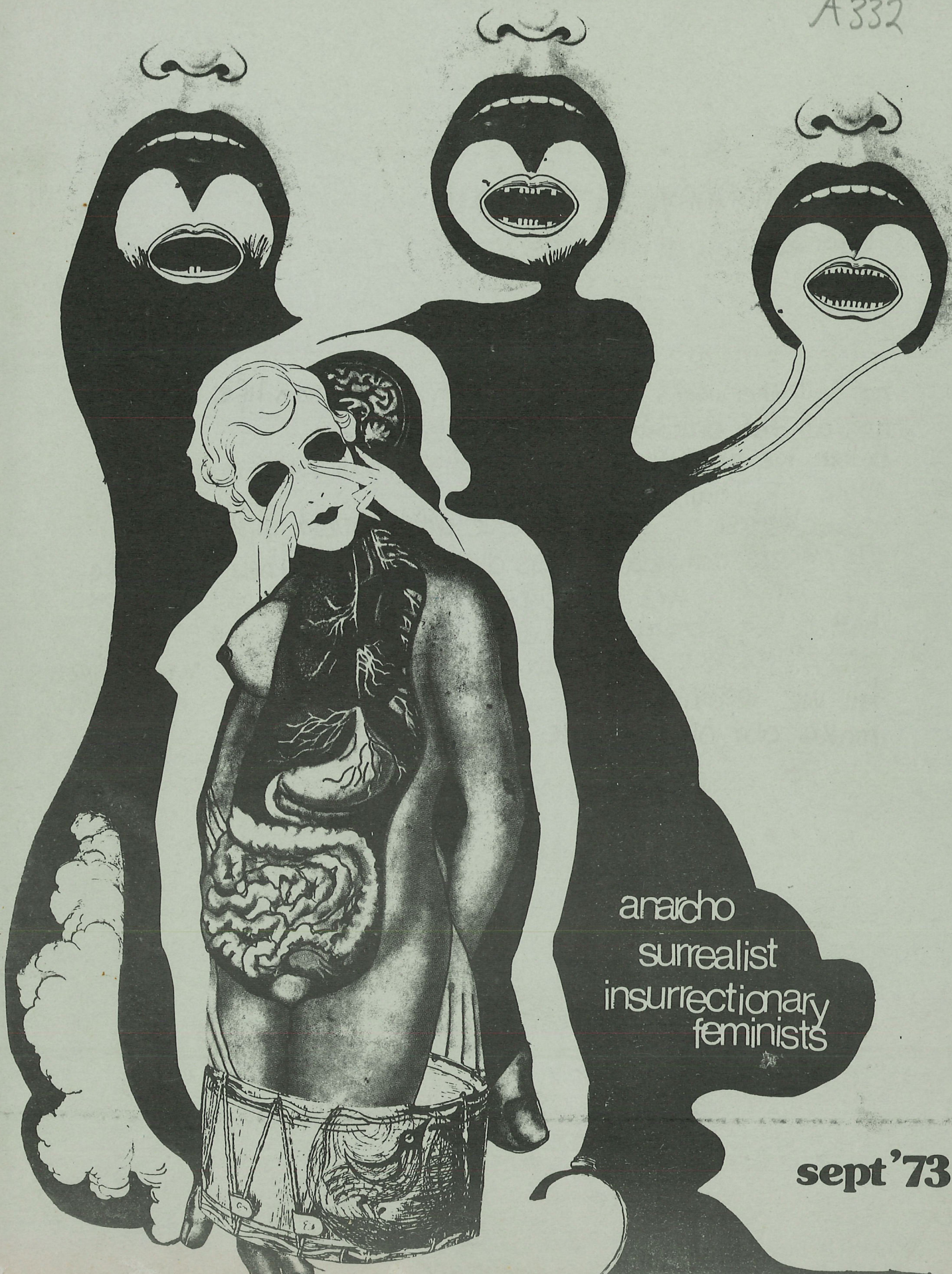
A 332



anarcho
surrealist
insurrectionary
feminists

sept '73

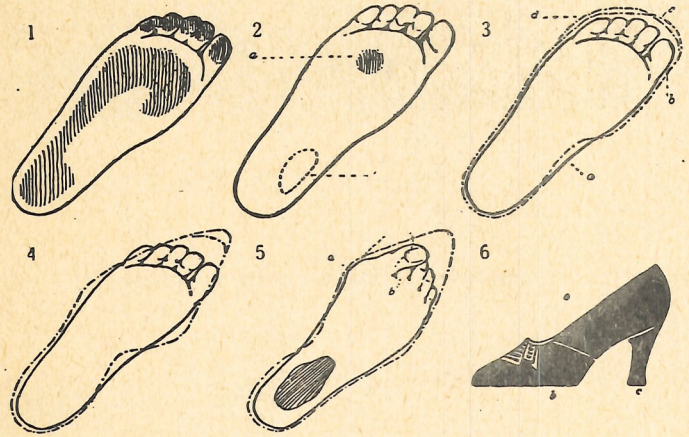
REVOLUTIONARY LETTER #31
(for Le Roi, at long last)

not all the works of Mozart worth one human life
not all the brocades of the Potala palace
better we should wear homespun, than some in orlon
some in Thailand silk
the children of Bengal weave gold thread in silk saris
six years old, eight years old, for export, they don't sing
the singers are for export, Folkways records
better we should all have homemade flutes
and practice excruciatingly upon them, one hundred years
till we learn to
make our own music

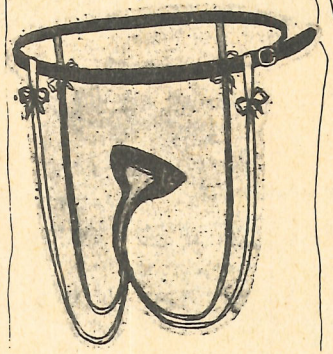
DIANE DI PRIMA

reality truly is a bourgeois *ESCAPE* since it is a retreat into one world

out of many



probably the greyest



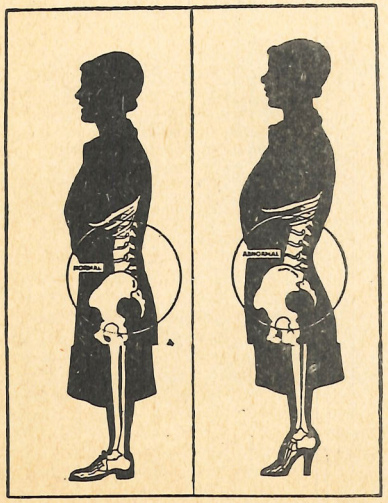
reality may be defined in two ways ① the bourgeois definition..... reality is the consensus opinion of what is going on out there

but the revolutionary definition ....② reality is the sum total of all possibilities the second follows the first but is unwelcome by the bourgeoise

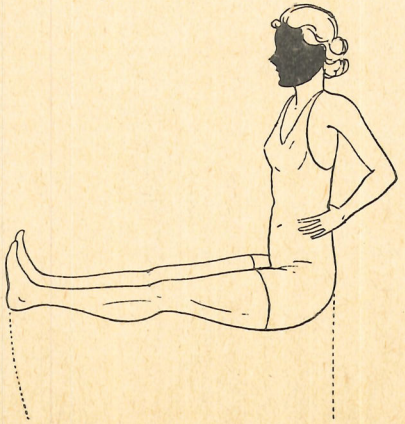
and is therefore rejected by them

if reality considered as the universe is inseperable from our experience of it

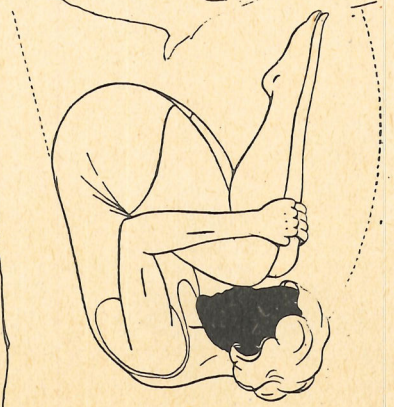
then plainly consciousness is the means of exploration of the true reality



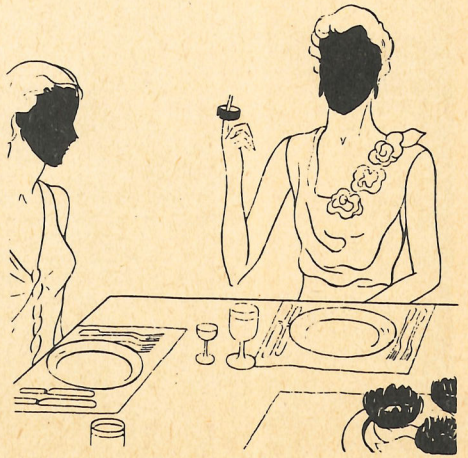
every time we take a trip or just get stoned we change our consciousness and hence our reality



in which case we cannot ignore any possibility for DECONDITIONING ourselves of the narrow view imposed by society



now..... tell me.... is she wrong?



dear friends

This is the second AS IF output. We've received some really encouraging letters from people who had a positive response to the manifesto and collection of essays we printed in June. We have endeavored to reply to those letters and to establish wider contacts with other individuals/groups who are thinking along similar lines. Further letters, contributions, criticisms, ideas, are more than welcome. We mean it....without feedback any group begins to feel the pangs of isol ation and doubt. We have been criticized as elitist, female supremitists, separatist, idealist, and as being into "confrontation politics" meaning tactically wrong. So we would like to reply to what we understand by these criticisms by explaining what AS IF is and what it is not.

For a start, AS IF is not an organization; we are a few women who want to get our ideas straight and want to reprint writings that have changed our consciousness. We want to make a film about women, we want to do a play about women, we want to put posters up, we want to stimulate people into thinking, talking, reading about the dichotomy of authority and submission that constitutes the nature of this society both in the interplay of social (productive) forces and in the relationships between individuals. We believe people should adopt as critical an attitude towards these power relationships in their everyday communication with each other, as many of us already do towards State power because the destruction of this system and the creat-ion of a free and open society will rest not only on a fundemental reshaping of productive forces, (an economic revolution) but also on the deconditioning of the modes of interpersonal relationships and psychic structures which are integral to capitalism. We will not accept the cop-out that these "personal" politics are of secondary importance and cannot be attempted until after the revolution, not only because of the bogus static concept of revolution that this implies but also because "To find non-exploitative, non-coercive, and infinitely expandable means to do the things that must be done within the revolutionary movement now is the onle way to lay a sound basis for the emergence of social/economic institutions that will be capable of serving peoples wants without limiting their freedom." We also reject the idea that our subjection as women as women is somehow of secondary importance balanced up against some more important struggle. This is directly linked to the criticism of our tactics. Tactics schmacktics. What are we supposed to do? Pretend its not happening? Shut up when we get that shit thrown at us? We've been told we'll freak out men; well we just want to say something about that double bind - if we continue to keep our mouths shut we are going to freak out. In this context what is supposedly 'good' tactics,to us implies loss of integrity. "After all, right is no less right for being inexpedient under any given set of conditions. That the mores of a society may aid survival and enhance faring in that society does not of itself make them worthy of acceptance by people seeking social change."

We also reject the idea that feminism and feminists merely want to usurp male power roles and establish a matriarchy. We meant it when we said in our manifesto that "we desire a society based on true equality, freedom, and joy." A mere power shift will never accomplish this goal and would onle serve to perpetuate the oppressive relationships which we must destroy. We have no desire to impose upon others (men) the kind of oppression that we have felt and still feel..... simply because we know what it feels like - shithouse. We want control over our own lives so that we can establish entirely non-coercive, non-manipulative relationships with each other. We see our private fuck-ups as being intrinsically related to the capitalist system in which we all live. There "are however many women who do not see their personal

suffering as a political condition. This creates the illusion that a womans relation ship with her man is a matter of interplay between two unique personalities and can be worked out individually". But as our roles are socially conditioned it follows that they must be explored and resolved in social/political terms.

If people make this assumption about feminist ideas - that is, that feminists want to seize power from men - then it would be reasonable to assume that those people, even if they talk about self-management, are still steeped in a way of thinking that is deeply ingrained into us by the heirarchical, repressive society in which we live, a way of thinking and behaving which we must fight. A concrete example of this is the cynical interpretation of our actions as having some sneeky underlying motives such as using our ideas to get at people. Men with political ideas are rarely subject to the scrutiny that we have undergone unless there is some factual basis for doing so. Lets have a bit more honesty!

To say, as some do, that men and women are equally oppressed is to deny the fact that men as a group actually benefit from the subjection of women as a group, even though they are indeed oppressed into becoming oppressors. From her inferior position woman is forced to fight but man is free to renounce his superior position provided he is willing to be sneered at by other men. "The most slanderous evasion of all is that women can oppress men. The basis of this illusion is the isolation of individual relationships from their political context and the tendency of men to see any legitimate challenge to their privileges as persecution."

Mainly we want people to start thinking about their everyday lives as being relevant to change....to start thinking about their behaviour towards the person lying in bed next to them, to the person who isn't lying in bed next to them, towards children, towards the family structure, etc etc

"Make no mistake about this: the society that is created within the microcosm of the revolutionary movement will be the society that emerges from the revolution if the revolution succeeds. A macho movement will create a macho society. A movement that averts the blatant manifestations of macho culture by the expedient of internal policing will create a police state in the exact degree that it does so. A movement dominated by men will create a society dominated by men; a movement dominated by women will create a society dominated by women. And a movement in which men and women, unable to function together as equals, seek a power balance in separatism will, if it succeeds, create a separatist society precariously balanced on the edge of total species genocide."

The collection of essays we reprinted in June is now out of print.....but we have got copies of the manifesto.....also the poster (see inside back cover) ...if you can spare a little money we would appreciate it even if its only enough to cover postage.

Solidarity and Love

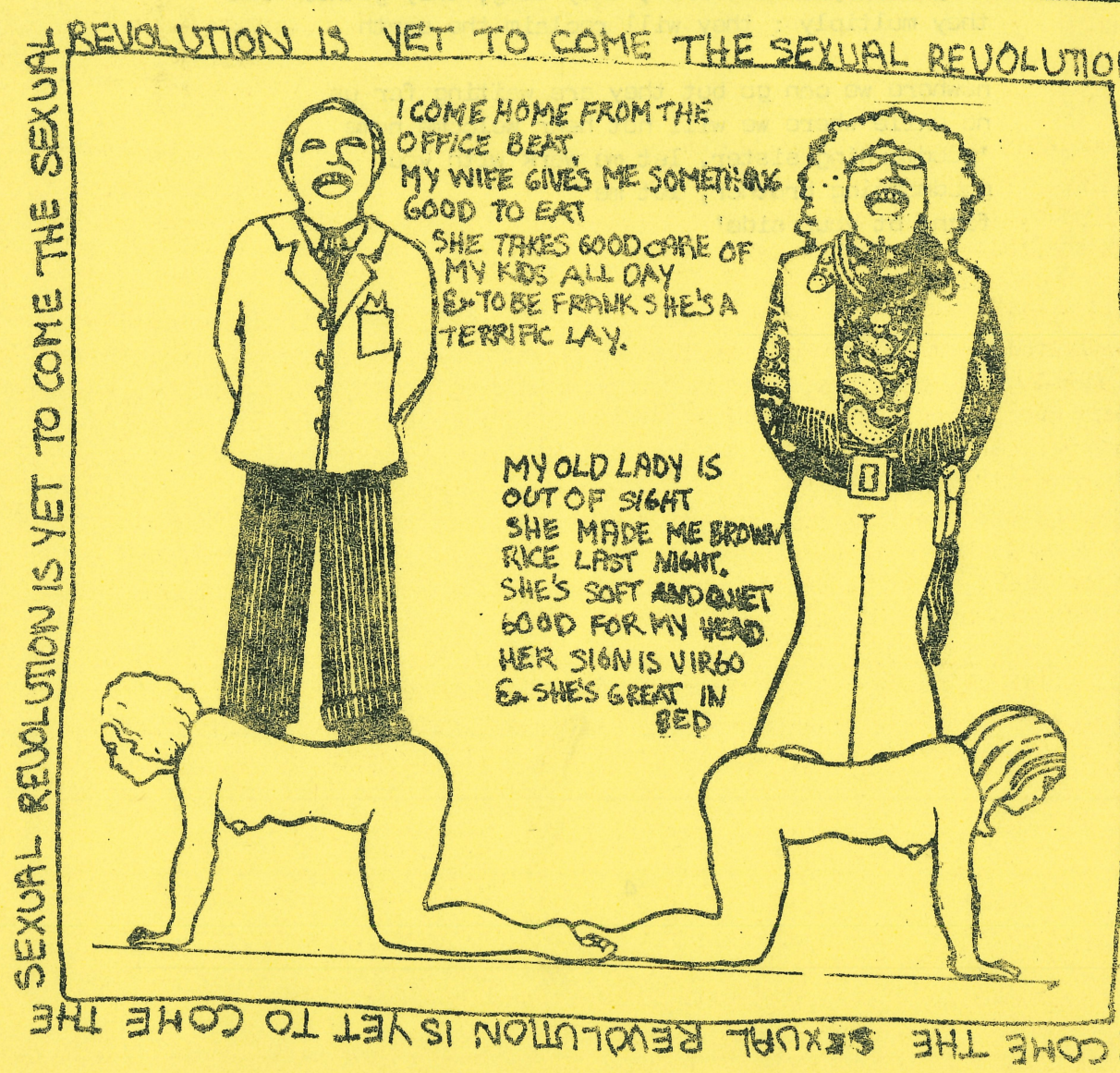
the AS IF Collective

P.O. Box 294
Collingwood
Melb, Vic
AUSTRALIA

THE ONLY USE OF WORDS IS TO FILL THE
.....CREVICES BETWEEN FLESH.....

"WOMEN NEED NOT ALWAYS
KEEP THEIR MOUTHS SHUT
AND THEIR WOMBS OPEN"

EMMA GOLDMAN
1869 - 1940


THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION IS YET TO COME
I COME HOME FROM THE OFFICE BEAT,
MY WIFE GIVES ME SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT
SHE TAKES GOOD CARE OF MY KIDS ALL DAY
& TO BE FRANK SHE'S A TERRIFIC LAY.
MY OLD LADY IS OUT OF SIGHT
SHE MADE ME BROWN RICE LAST NIGHT.
SHE'S SOFT AND QUIET
GOOD FOR MY HEAD
HER SIGN IS VIRGO
& SHES GREAT IN BED
THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION IS YET TO COME

REVOLUTIONARY LETTER 29

beware of those
who say we are the beautiful losers
who stand in their long hair and wait to be punished
who weep on beaches for our isolation

we are not alone: we have brothers in all the hills
we have sisters in the jungles and in the ozarks
we even have brothers on the frozen tundra
they sit by their fires, they sing, they gather arms
they multiply : they will reclaim the earth

nowhere we can go but they are waiting for us
no exile where we will not hear welcome home
'goodmorning sister, let me work with you
goodmorning brother, let me
fight bt your side'

desire and need

MARAT/SADE

BY MURRAY BOOKCHIN

Most of the articles that have been written so far about the Marat/Sade play have been drivel and the tritest remarks have come from its author, Peter Weiss. A good idea can slip from the hands of its creator and follow its own dialectic. This kept happening with Balzac, so there is no reason why it shouldn't happen with Weiss.

The play is mainly a dialogue between Desire and Need - a dialogue set up under conditions where history froze them into antipodes and opposed them violently to each other in the Great Revolution of 1789. In those days desire clashed with Need: the one aristocratic, the other plebeian; the one as the pleasures of the individual, the other as the agony of the masses; the one as the satisfaction of the particular, the other as the want of the general; the one as private reaction, the other as social revolution. In our day, Marat and de Sade have not been rediscovered; they have been reinterpreted. The dialogue goes on, but now on a different level of possibility and toward a final resolution of the problem. It is an old dialogue, but in a new context.

In Weiss's play, the context is an asylum. The dialogue can only be pursued by madmen. Sane men would have resolved the issues raised by the dialogue years ago. They would have resolved them in practice. But we talk about them endlessly and we refract them through a thousand prisms. Why? Because we are insane; we have been turned into pathological cases. Weiss, on this score is only just; he places the dialogue where it belongs, in an asylum policed by guards, nuns and an administrator. We are insane not only because of what we have done, but also because of what we havn't done. We "tolerate" too much. We tremble and cower with "tolerance."

How, then, are we to act? How, following the credo imputed to Marat, are we to pull ourselves up by the hair, turn ourselves inside out, and see the world with fresh eyes?"Weiss refuses to tell us," says Peter Brook in an introduction to the script, and then Brook trails off into talk about facing contradictions. But this doesn't carry any conviction. The dialogue launched by it's literary creator and by its stage director, has its own inner movement, its own dialectic. At Corday's third visit, de Sade lasciviously displays her before Marat and asks: ".....what's the use of a revolution without general copulation?" De Sades words are taken up by the mimes and then by all the"lunatics" in the play. Even Brook cannot leave the answer alone. The ending of the play, equivocal in the script version, turns into a riotous bacchanal in the movie version. The "lunatics" overpower the guards, nuns, visitors and administrator; they grab all the women on the stage and everybody fucks like mad. The answer begins to emerge almost instinctively: the revolution that seeks to annul Need must enthrone Desire for everybody. Desire must become Need.

DESIRE AND NEED POLARIZED

Need- the need to survive, to secure the bare means of existance- could never have produced a public credo of desire. It could have produced a religious credo of renunciation, to be sure, or a republican credo of virtue, but not a public credo of sensuousness and sensibility. The enthronement of Desire as Need, of the pleasure

principle as the reality principle, is nourished as a public issue by the productivity of modern industry and by the possibility of a society without toil. Even the widely touted recoil of the flower children from the verities of consumption, drudgery and suburbia has its origin in the irrationalities of modern affluence. Without the affluence, no recoil. To state matter bluntly, the revolutionary growth of modern technology has brought into question every historical precept that promoted renunciation, denial and toil. It vitiates every concept of Desire as a privileged, aristocratic domain of life.

This technology creates a new dimension of Desire, one that completely transcends the notions of de Sade, or for that matter of the French symbolists, from whom we still derive our credo of sensibility. De Sade's unique one, Baudelaire's dandy, Rimbaud's visionary, each is an isolated ego, a rare individual who takes flight from the mediocrity and unreality of bourgeois life into hallucinated reveries. In spite of its high, anti-bourgeois spirit of negation, this ego remains distinctly privileged. Baudelaire, one of the most unequivocal of the symbolist writers, expresses its aristocratic nature with bluntness in his notion of Dandyism. The Dandy, the man of true sensibility, he tells us, enjoys leisure and is untroubled by Need. This leisure is defined by the opposition of the Dandy to the crowd, of the particular to the general. It is anchored in the very social conditions that breed Marats and the enragés of 1793, the world of Need. Dandyism to be sure asserts itself against the existing elites, but not against elitism; against the prevailing privileges, but not against prinilege. "Dandyism flourishes especially in periods of transition," Baudelaire notes with acuity, "when democracy is not yet all-powerful and the aristocracy is just beginning to totter and decay. Amid the turmoil of these times, a small group of men, declasses, at loose ends, fed up, but all of them rich in determination, will conceive the idea of founding a new sort of aristocracy, stronger than the old, for it shall be based on only the most precios, the most indestructible factors, on those heaven-sent gifts that neither money nor ambition can confer." The truth, however, is that its gifts are not heaven sent. This aesthetic elite floats on the surface of the social war, a richly ornamented debris that presupposes, objectively, the very aristocracy and bourgeoisie it repudiates in spirit.

What then of the revolutionary movement?...the movement that seeks to reach below the surface of the social war into its very depths? For the most part it dispenses almost completely with a concrete credo of sensuousness. Marxism, the dominant project within the revolutionary movement, offers itself to the proletariat as a harsh, sobering doctrine, orientated towards the labour process, political activity, and the conquest of state power. To sever all the ties between poetry and revolution, it calls its socialism scientific and casts its goals in the hard prose of economic theory. Where the French symbolists formed a concrete image of man, defined by the specifics of play, sexuality and sensuousness, the two great exiles in England formed an abstract image of man, defined by the universals of class, commodity and property. The whole person...concrete and abstract, sensuous and rational, personal and social... never finds adequate representstion in either credo.*

* A sense of incompleteness haunts Western philosophy after Hegel's death and explains much of the work of Kierkegaard, Schopenhauer, Stirner, Neitzsche, and the surrealists and contemporary existentialists. For the Marxians to merely dismiss this post-Hegelian development as "bourgeois ideology" is to dismiss the problem itself.

This is tragedy in the Hegelian sense that both sides are right. In retrospect, it is only fair to add that the social situation of their time was inadequate for the complete fulfillment of humanity. Ordinarily the social period admits neither of the liberated personality nor of the liberated society; its doors are closed to the free expression of sensuousness and to the unfettered exercise of reason.

But the doors are never solid. There are moments when they, and indeed the entire house, are shaken to the foundations by elemental events. In such moments of crisis when the senses of everyone are strained to extraordinary acuity by social emergencies, the doors break down and the people surge past the hanging portals no longer as masses but as awakened personalities. These people cannot be crucified on theoretical formulas. They acquire their human reality in revolutionary action. The Paris Commune of 1871 represents precisely such a moment when neither aesthetic nor social theory adequately encompasses the overall social situation. The Communards of the Belleville district in Paris, who fought the battles of the barricades and died by the tens of thousands under the guns of the Versaillese, refused to confine their insurrection to the private world described by symbolist poems or the public world described by Marxist economics They demanded the eating and the moral, the filled belly and the heightened sensibility. The Commune floated on a sea of alcohol... for weeks everyone in the Belleville district was magnificently drunk. Lacking the middle-class proprieties of their instructors , the Belleville Communards turned their insurrection into a festival of public joy, play and solidarity. Perhaps it was foredoomed that the prose of bourgeois society would eventually digest the songs of the Commune...if not in an orgy of slaughter, then in the day-to-day compromises required by work, material security and social administration. Faced with a bloody conflict and nearly certain defeat, the Communards flung away life with the abandon of individuals who, having tasted of experience in the pen, can no longer return to the coffins of daily routine, drudgery and denial. They burned down half of Paris, fighting suicidally to the very last on the heights of their district.

In the Paris Commune of 1871, we have the expression not merely of social interest, but of social libido.* It is hard to believe that the repression following the fall of the Commune...the mass shootings, the ruthless trials, the exile of thousands to penal colonies...owed its savagery strictly to class vengeance. A review of the memoirs, newspapers and letters of the time shows that the bourgeois directed their vengeance against their own subterranean humanity. In the spontaneous outburst of social libido which we call the Paris Commune the bourgeois saw the breakdown of all the repressive mechanisms that maintain hierarchical society. They recoiled with the horror and ferocity of men who suddenly come face to face with their unconscious drives.

*Is it any different in other great revolutions? Can we resolve the anarchic intoxicating phase that opens all the great revolutions of history merely into an expression of class interest and the opportunity to redistribute social wealth?

THE SELF: MYTH AND REALITY.

No-one really learned from the Communards of the Belleville District, with the result that Desire and the revolutionary credo developed away from each other. In separating, both were divested of their human content. The credo of Desire evaporated into a misty subjectivism, far removed from all social concerns.

the credo of revolution hardened into a dense objectivism, almost completely absorbed in the techniques of social manipulation. The need to round out the revolutionary credo with Desire, or Desire with the revolutionary credo, remains a pressing, perhaps the most pressing, problem of our times. Serious attempts to achieve this totality were made in the 1920's, when the surrealists and Whilhelm Reich tried to resynthesize Marxism and transcend it with a larger conception of the revolutionary project. Although this project did not succeed, it did not fail. All the issues were passed on to us, transformed by new dimensions of thought and by a new sense of immediacy produced by the technological advances of our time.

Ironically, the greatest single obstacle to fulfilling this project is the revolutionary credo itself. Leninism and its various offshoots have refocussed the revolutionist's attention from social goals to political means, from utopia to strategy and tactics. Lacking any clear definition of its human goals, the revolutionary movement, at least in its currently organized forms, has assimilated the hierarchical institutions, puritanism, work ethic and general characterology of the very society it professes to oppose. The goals of Marxism are largely contained in the demand for the seizure of power rather than the dissolution of power; the former implies the existence of hierarchy and the power of an elite over society as a whole.

Almost equally important as an obstacle to the project envisioned by the surrealists and Reich is the emergence of a crude, undifferentiated subjectivism that casts the rediscovery of man exclusively in terms of self-discovery...in the journey inward. What is basically wrong with this form of subjectivism is not its emphasis on the subject, on the concrete individual. Indeed, as Kierkegaard has emphasised, we have been overfed with the universals of science, philosophy and sociology. The error that vitiates this subjectivism is its operating principle that the self can be divorced completely from society, subjectivity from objectivity, consciousness from action. Ironically, this inner, isolated self turns out to be one of the most fictitious of universals, one of the most treacherous abstractions, a metaphysical concept in which the consciousness, far from expanding, contracts into banalities and trivia. Philosophically, its ultimate state is pure being, a purity of experience and inner repose that adds up to nothing.* Its ultimate state, in short, is the dissolution of Desire into contemplation.

The fact is, the self cannot be resolved into an inherent "it," a cryptic "soul" covered and obscured by layers of reality. In this abstract form, the self remains an undifferentiated potentiality, a mere bundle of individual proclivities, until it interacts with the real world. Without dealing with the world it simply cannot be created in any human sense. Nietzsche reveals this feature of the Self when he declares ".....your true nature lies not concealed deep in you but immeasurably high above you, or at least what you call yourself." Valid introspection turns out to be the conscious appropriation of a self formed largely by the world, and thus a judgement of the world and of the actions needed to reconstitute it along new lines. This order of self-consciousness reaches its height during our time in revolutionary action. To revolt, to live revolt, is the complete reconstitution of the individual revolutionary, a change as far reaching and as radical as the remaking of society.

*My concern with this philosophical aspect of subjectivism stems from the fact that it is advanced not only by a salad of Hindu Cagliostros but also by serious thinkers such as Norman O. Brown.

In the process of discarding accumulated experiences, of intergrating and re-intergrating new experience, a new self grows out of the old. For this reason it is idiotic to predict behaviour of people after a revolution in terms of their behaviour before it. They will not be the same people.

If it is true that valid introspection must culminate in action, in a reworking of the self by experience with the real world, this reworking achieves a sense of direction only in so far as it moves from the existent to the possible, from the "what is" to the "what could be". Precisely this dialectic is what we mean by psychic growth. Desire itself is the sensuous apprehension of possibility, a complete psychic synthesis achieved by a"yearning for...." Without the pain of this dialectic, without the struggle that yeilds the achievement of the possible, growth and Desire are divested of all differentiation and content. The very issues that provide a concept of the possible are never formulated. The real responsibility we face is to eliminate not the psychic pain of growth but rather the psychic suffering of dehumanization, the torment that accompanies the frustrated and aborted life.

The goal of crude subjectivism is stasis - the absence of pain, the achievement of undisturbed repose. This stasis yeilds an all-embracing placidity that dissolves anger into love, action into contemplation, wilfullness into passivity. The abscence of emotional differentiation means the end of real emotion. Confronted with the goal of insensate stasis, dialectical growth could justly demand any right to emotion...including the right to hate...to reclaim a real state of sensibility, including the ability to love selectively. The apostle of the undifferentiated type of sensibility more precisely, sensation) is Marshall McLuhan, whose fantasies of integral communication consist entirely of kicks and highs. Technique here, is degraded into ends, the message into the media.

THE DISINTEGRATING SELF.

The fact remains nonetheless, that there can be no meaningful revolutionary credo that fails to include the subject in its point of departure. We have passed beyond a time when the real world can be discussed without taking up in depth the basic problems and needs of the psyche...a psyche that is neither strictly concrete nor strictly universal, but both newly integrated and transcended. The rediscovery of the concrete psyche is the most valid contribution of modern subjectivism and existentialism to the revolutionary credo, albeit the rediscovered psyche is partial and incomplete, and often tends to become abstracted. In an era of relative affluence, when material immiseration is not the exclusive source of social restiveness, the revolution tends to acquire intensely subjective and personal qualities. Revolutionary opposition centres increasingly around the disintegration of the quality of life, around the anti-life perspectives and methods of bourgeois society.

To put this matter differently, the revolutionist is created and nourished by the breakdown of all the great bourgeois universals...property, class, hierarchy, free enterprise, the work ethic, patriarchalism, the nuclear family and so on ad nauseam. From all this wreckage, the self begins to achieve self-consciousness and Desire begins to recover its integrity. When the entire institutional fabric becomes unstable, when everyone lacks a sense of destiny, be it in job or social affiliations, the lumpen periphery of society tends to become its center and the declasses begin to chart out the most advanced forms of social and personal consciouc ness. It is for this reason that any work of art can be meaningful today only if it is lumpenized.

The lumpen's self is permeated by negativity, a reflection of the overall social negativity. Its consciousness is satyr-like and its mockery is acquired by its distance from the verities of bourgeois society. But this very mockery constitutes the self's transcendence of the repressive ideologies of toil and renunciation. The lumpens acts of disorder become the nuclei of a new order and his spontaneity implies the means by which it can be achieved.

Hegel understood this fact beautifully. In a brilliant review of Diderot's Rameau's Nephew, he writes: "The mocking laughter at existence, the confusion of the whole and at itself, is the disintegrated consciousness, aware of itself and expressing itself, and is at the same time the last audible echo of all this confusion...It is the self-disintegrating nature of all relations and their conscious disintegration...In this aspect of the return to self, the vanity of all things is the self's own vanity, or the self itself is vanity...but as the indignant consciousness it is aware of its own disintegration and by that knowledge has immediately transcrnded it...Every part of this world either gets its mind expressed here or is spoken of intellectually and declared for what it it is. The honest consciousness (the role that Diderot allots to himself in the dialogue*) takes each element for a permanent entity and does not realize in its uneducated thoughtfulness that it is doing just the opposite. But the disintegrated consciousness is the consciousness of reversal and indeed of absolute reversal; its dominating element is the concept which draws together the thoughts that to the honest consciousness lie so wide apart; hence the brilliance of its own language. Thus the contents of the mind's speech about itself consist in the reversal of all conceptions and realities; the universal deception of oneself and others and the shamelessness of declaring this conception is therefore the greatest truth...To the quiet consciousness which in its honest way goes on singing the melody of the True and the Good in even tones, i.e., on one note, this speech appears as a farrago of wisdom and madness...".

Hegel's analysis, written more than a century and a half ago, anticipates and contains all the elements of the "absolute refusal" advanced so poignantly at the present time. Today, the spirit of negativity must extend to all areas of life if it is to have any content; it must demand a complete frankness which in Maurice Blanchot's words, "no longer tolerates complicity." To lessen this spirit of negativity is to place the very integrity of the self in the balance. the established order tends to be totalistic: it stakes out its sovereignty not only over surface facets of the self but also over its innermost recesses. It seeks complicity not only in appearances but also from the most guarded depths of the human spirit. It tries to mobilize the very dream life of the individual...as witness the proliferation of techniques and art forms for manipulating the unconscious. It attempts, in short, to gain command over the self's sense of possibility, over its capacity for Desire.

DESIRE AND REVOLUTION

Out of the disintegrating consciousness must come the recovery, the reintegration and the advance of Desire...a new sensuousness based on possibility. If this sense of possibility lacks a humanistic content, if it remains crudely egoistic, then en it will simply follow the logic of the irrational social order and slip

*Diderot takes the role of the virtuous man, the petty bourgeois, engaged in a dialogue with Rameau's nephew, a Figaro-like scamp and pimp.

into a vicious nihilism.* In the long run, the choices confronting the modern bohemian...hip or freak... are not between a socially passive subjectivism and a politically active reformism (the prevailing society, as it moves from crisis to crisis, will eliminate these traditional luxuries), but between the reactionary extremism of the SS man and the revolutionary extremism of the anarchist.

Bluntly, to drop out is to drop in. There is no facet of human life that is not infiltrated by social phenomena and there is no imaginative experience that does not float on the data of social reality. Unless the sense of the merveilleux, so earnestly fostered by the surrealists, is to culminate in a credo of death (a credo advanced with consistency by Villiers de l'Isle Adam in Axel), honesty requires that we acknowledge the social roots of our dreams, our imagination and our poetry. The real question we face is where we drop in, where we stand in relation to the whole.

By the same token, there is nothing in the prevailing reality that is not polluted by the degeneration of the whole. Until the child is discharged from the diseased womb, liberation must take its point of departure from a diagnosis of the illness, an awareness of the problem, and a striving to be born. Introspection must be corrected by a social analysis. Our freedom is anchored in revolutionary consciousness and culminates in revolutionary action.

But the revolution can no longer be imprisoned in the realm of Need. It can no longer be satisfied merely with the prose of political economy. The task of the Marxian critique has been completed and must be transcended. The subject has entered the revolutionary project with entirely new demands for experience, for re-integration, for fulfillment, for the merveilleux. The very character structure promoted by the revolutionary project in the past is now at issue in its most nuclear forms. Any hierarchical organisation of human differences...sexual, ethnic, generational or physical...must now give way to the dialectical principle of unity in diversity. In ecology this principle is already taken for granted: the conservation, indeed elaboration, of variety is regarded as a precondition for natural stability. All species are equally important in maintaining the unity and balance of an ecosystem. There are no hierarchies in nature other than those imposed by hierarchical modes of human thought, but rather differences merely in function between and within living things. The revolutionary project will always remain incomplete and one-sided until it recognises the need to remove all hierarchical modes of thought, indeed all conceptions of "otherness" based on domination, from its own midst. Social hierarchy is undeniably real today in the sense that it stems from a clash of objectively conflicting interests, a clash that up to now has been validated by unavoidable material scarcity. But precisely because this hierarchical organisation of appearances exists in

*This is perhaps as good a place as any to emphasise that capitalism promotes egotism, not individuality or "individualism". Although bourgeois society loosened the hold of precapitalist unitary societies on the ego, the ego it created was as shrivelled as the one it replaced. The tendency in modern state capitalism is to homogenise and massify the ego on a scale that can be compared only with the totalitarian societies of the archaic Oriental world. The term "bourgeois individualism", an epithet widely used by the left today against libertarian elements, reflects the extent to which bourgeois ideology permeates the socialist project; indeed, the extent to which the "socialist" project (as distinct from the libertarian communist project) is a mode of state capitalism.

precisely because this hierarchical organisation of appearances exists in bourgeois society at a time when the problem of scarcity can be solved, it must be eliminated completely from the revolutionary community. And it must be eliminated not only in the revolutionary organisation, but in the outlook and character structure of the individual revolutionary.

To rephrase Pierre Reverdy's words, the poet now stands on the ramparts...not only as dreamer, but also as fighter. Stalking through the dream, permeating the surreal experience, stirring the imagination to entirely new evocative heights are the liberatory possibilities of the objective world. For the first time in history object and subject can be joined in the revolutionary affinity group...the anarchic revolutionary collectivity of sisters and brothers. Theory and praxis can be united in the purposive revolutionary deed. Thought and intuition can be merged in the new revolutionary vision. Conscious and unconscious can be integrated in the revolutionary revel. Liberation may not be complete...for us, at least...but it can be totalistic, involving every facet of life and experience. Its fulfillment may be beyond our wildest visions, but we can move toward what we can see and imagine. Our Being is Becoming, not stasis. Our Science is Utopia, our Reality is Eros, our desire is Revolution.

New York

* June 1967 * * * * * * *

SO YOU STILL THINK THAT MYSTICISM CAN FREE YOUR MIND
or
HOW THE HIGH PRIEST CHAINED US TO A PEDESTAL AND TOLD US WE WERE FREE.....

"The embankments of the fields have been breached by torrential rains, just as woman gets spoiled by freedom"..... (Ramayana... Hindu scripture)
"The eight evils that ever abide in the heart of a woman - recklessness, mendacity, fickleness, deceit, timidity, indiscretion, impurity, callousness".....(Ramayana)
"Wisdom, dispassion, Yoga (union with God) and Realization - mark me, are all masculine in conception O mount of Sri Hari. The might of man is formidable indeed, while a woman is naturally weak and dull by her very birth. But that man alone who is unattached and resolute of mind can forswear woman, not the sensual voluptuary who has turned his face against the feet of Sri Rama. But even such an enlightened sage. O mount of Sri Hari, succumbs to the charms of a pretty woman, at the very sight of her moonlike face. It is God Visnus own Maya (deluding potency) that manifests itself in the form of a woman. Here i do not speak in a partisan spirit but merely state the views of the Vedas and the Puranas as well as of the saints. A woman is never enamoured of another womans beauty, this, O enemy of the serpents, is a strange phenomena"
(Ramayana)

"The devils weed is like a woman, and like a woman she flatters men, She sets traps for them at every turn... you like flattery, and the devil's weed flatters you. Like a woman she makes you feel good. The smoke on the other hand is the most noble power; he has the purest heart. He does not entice men or make them prisoners, nor does he love or hate. All he requires is strength."
(p.168, "The teachings of Don Juan: A Yaqui way of knowledge".....Carlos Castaneda)

THE ROMANTIC REALISTS

AN INTRODUCTION TO ANARCHISM.....by Louise Crowley

Anybody can make a black flag. You take a rectangle of black cloth...(don't bother hemming its edges; the police will confiscate it anyway, so don't invest much energy in its making)...and attach it to a pole. That's all. It's easy.

IT gets a lot of attention at demonstrations.

When a kid asks you what it means, you tell him, Anarchy, and the kid looks at you in awe; groovy.

To the kid, who never heard of anarchy before the word's recent repopularization in the new left, it sounds groovy because it suggests that doing whatever he wants to do without responsibility is a valid form of resistance to a social order that seeks to mould her to its...not her...desires.

To the monitor with armband and bullhorn who asks you to take the flag away, it signifies frivolous mockery of the earnest discipline he brings to the Movement organizing, threatens the image of Responsible Protest, and will probably Provoke Violence.

To the bearded and bereted activist, anarchy is wanton hedonism, arch-antithesis of the diligence and frugality enjoined by his little red book.
To the cop that confiscates it, your flag is a blatant challenge to Law and Order, terrifying in its dark mystery; from what hidden conspiracy did it appear?

There are other definitions. Your dictionary says anarchy is chaos. Cartoonists portray it as a round bomb bulging the back pocket of a furtive little Slav in a broad-brimmed hat. To the mass media at least its "American": a bunch of spoiled kids raising gratuitous hell. For the communitarian, anarchy is a return to innocence.

None of this can account for the sudden reappearance, seemingly from nowhere, of anarchy's black flag on the ramparts of the left. What brings anarchism...in eclipse for half a century...to the fore today is the entirely novel possibility of its realization. Until cybernetics unveiled the very real potential of a world in which neither want nor constrained labour are socially necessary, the ideal of a non-coercive society could never be more than a utopian dream. Yet that ideal, so consistent with the technological possibilities of today, arose in an era of sweat-shops and starvation, of utter degradation of the brutalized wage-slaves...men, womwn and children alike...who toiled in ill-lit, ill-ventilated, incredibly hazardous factories. Little wonder that its 19th century proponents differed widely in their views of how the anarchist vision might be brought about, or that their fellow-revolutionaries often scorned them for the audacity of their dreams and the disorderliness of their tactics.

The eclipse was occasioned by ruthless State suppression...e.g., the Haymarket affair (1886), the criminal syndicalism prosecutions under Attorney-General Palmer (1919), the frame-ups and murders of IWW organizers etc....and by the bright diversionary hopes for the future of the social revolution in the young USSR.
Anarchists had been in the vanguard of socialist revolution there, confident that

libertarian principls would guide the formation of the new order; but those principles fell before the demands of expediency in the consolidation of Bolshevik power. The insight of today's generation...that not merely the form of State authority, but Authority per se is the perpetuetor of coercion, war and personal alienation...has remained unillumined by any ongoing tradition of anti-authoritarian thought. A few candles flickered through the 50-year night: Freedom Press in LOndon, Kropotkin's article in Encyclopedia Brittannica, the dog-eared Little Red songbooks in the folksingers pockets; but their light was unseen or misinterpreted. The new leftist today comes upon Anarchy like Schliemann uncovering Troy.

By Peter Kropotkin's definition in the article just mentioned (Encyclopedia Brittannica, 11th edition), anarchism is:

"....a principle or theory of life and conduct under which society is conceived without government....harmony in such a society being obtained not by submission to law or by obedience to any authority, but by free agreements between the various groups, territorial and professional, freely constituted for the sake of production and consumption, as also for the satisfaction of the infinite variety of needs and aspirations of a civilized being. In a society developed on these lines, the voluntary associations which begin to cover all the fields of human activity would take a still greater extension so as to substitute themselves for the State in all its functions.....

".....such a society would represent nothing immutable. On the contrary ——as is seen in organic life at large—— harmont would (it is contended) result from an ever-changing adjustment and readjustment of equilibrium between the multitude of forces and influences; and this adjustment would be the easier to obtain as none of the forces would enjoy a special protection from the State.....

"If, it is contended, society were organized on these principles, man would not be limited in the free exercise of his powers in productive work by a capitalist monopoly, maintained by the State; nor would he be limited in the exercise of his will by the fear of punishment, or by obedience towards individuals or metaphysical entities, which both lead to depression of initiative and servility of mind. He would be guided in his actions by his own understandings, which necessarily would bear the impression of a free action and reaction between his own self and the ethical conceptions of his surroundings. Man would thus be enabled to obtain the full development of all his faculties, intellectual, artistic and moral, without being hampered by overwork for the monopolists, or by the servility and inertia of mind of the great number. He would thus be able to reach full individualization...."

(emphasis is Kropotkin's)

From the first phrase, these words articulate the new left's aspirations. That anarchism, the process of working toward anarchy, is a"theory of life and conduct" gives it immediate relevance to the current insistence on fusion of revolutionary goals and tactics with a personal life-style enjoyable in the here-and-now. The appeal of anarchism is overwhelming to those of us who are trying to reintergrate the alienated pieces of ourselves, to resist the fracturing of our lives into "political" activities, "social" activities, "work", "play", and the like, for anarchism asserts the validity of all our needs and desires in their totality. Far from demanding the abnegation of individual will to the collective welfare, it maintains that the individuals freedom for self-fulfillment and his freedom of choice in social commitment are inseparable, and together comprise an essential criterion of the non-authoritarian society it strives to bring about.

To the charge of irresponsibility, most anarchists would answer that responsibility to oneself is the most exacting responsibility of all. It accepts no excuses, permits no evasions: one's deeds, and the judgements that underlie them, are one's own, and neither obedience to authority, deference to prestige, nor submission to numbers can have any part in justifying them. The anarchist desires no less than other persons the esteem of his/ her fellows, for that desire is part and parcel of the gregariousness of our human species. The burden of her/his responsibility is that anarchist principles deny all recourse to the customary amenities of buckpassing and complaisance, there are no crutches and no hiding places. If her/his responsibility nevertheless rides lightly on her (etc) shoulders, that is because in assuming it she has shrugged off the oppressive yoke of authority, which others bear without hope of riddance.

It is the function of anarchists to propogate that hope and nourish it to certitude. By whatever means her personality inclines her to.... whether it be forming a commune, sniping at police cars, blowing minds with street theatre, or writing letters to the editor... the anarchist aims to impart to people the confidence to dispose with authority. As opportunity affords she/he intervenes to loosen authority's hold in any fascet of peoples lives, in order that they may discover and exercise their atrophied powers of self reliance. Few genuine revolutionaries... therewith few anarchists... expect thorough going social change to be brought about by coup d'etat But the anarchist may well exploit, for their heuristic value, the most quixotic of endeavors. Any effort by people singly or in voluntary cooperation, to take to themselves control of their own lives or the performance of social functions is grist for an anarchist's mill. Each will use it.... or pass it up... according to his own bent, expecting the totality of their efforts to cover most opportunities.

Recall that the goal of anarchism is a fully libertarian society, in which voluntary bodies replace Business and the State in performing desired social functions, unneeded functions (eg war, repression, coertion to labor) are eliminated, and each person is thereby freed to develop her/his uniquely individual humanity. The recollection will indicate that the scatter-gun tactics just outlined are the only means consistent with that end in apre-revolutionary period.

As the initial skirmishes of impending revolution break out, anarchist activities may strike "disciplined" raducals as more disruptive to the Revolution than to the Established Order. In a sense, they are. By then, other forces too are working towards the established order's downfall; the concern peculiar to anarchists even partial interregnum (the period of ungovernability which is revolution-in-progress) be prolonged to maximize occasions for popular self-reliance and mutual aid. Certainly this will conflict with the efforts of those eager to install new authority..... however less harsh.... in place of the old. In revolution the anarchist undertakes to anticipate and forestall that counterrevolution which most other radicals would regard as the consumption of their hopes, the seizure of State power. Her/his aim is to render <u>all</u> governance impotent, by freeing people from their imagined need of it, as technology frees them from their material needs. The productive potential of cybernation provides humanity at last with the technological base to implement its age-old but hitherto impractical dream of freedom from constraint.But there is another side to this coin: just as technologiacl developments now make a libertarian society possible, they make any other perspective utterly dreadfull to contemplate, for the power elite of any authoritarian regime, be it capitalist, socialist, socialist or whatever, must always seek to mould its subject populace into docile acceptance of i its rule. Can any State be trusted then with the burgeoning developments in biochemistry and genetics that are now rapidly providing the means to erase from the human psyche the very desire for freedom and individuality?

Anarchists say NO.

SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE WOMEN.

-Claire & Isabelle

CHAPTER 1

War was ravaging the countryside and all was desolation and disorder. the pecadors were mounting a counter offensive and had invaded the north of the country: at least that was what I had been told that very morning when I had gone to the city to fetch provisions. The well-informed predicted moreover that a long, devastating and monotonous war of attrition could be expected. I dallied amongst the small groups scattered about the shopfronts: I never participated in the discussions which took place amongst these people, but their sober airs, weary gestures, and blase conversations gave me great joy. The time was long since past when anything related to this dreary war interested me. That day I abandoned the spectacle a little earlier than usual at the very moment when a fat man with a moustache began to expound his evaluation of "our" chances for anyone who cared to listen: I had things to do at home.

As I pushed open the old wooden door, a sigh of relief escaped me; it was such a delight, after having walked up the sun-bleached path in this unbreathable air, to find oneself in the cool and silent darkness of the old house. I dumped my two big bags on the kitchen table and climbed up the stairs to see if Anna was awake. I discovered her on the balcony, sitting with her back to the wall, her eyes closed, her face offered up to the sun. As witnessed by the bowl and peels disarrayed around her, she had evidently just breakfasted, and was now relishing in silence her first cigarette of the day.

-How are things, fine? One isn't too bored is one? said I simultaneously leaning my elbows on the balustrade in front of her.

-Everything's fine, she said softly without unlashing her eyes, I feel perfectly fine.

-I feel perfectly fine, she continued, but confidentially I was wondering what the hell I was doing here. This isn't the scenario you had described. I was to be called Alexandra and be a rich and beautiful spy for the Tsar.

-Listen, I changed my mind at the very last second, but after all its noy bad isit?

-Yes, it is bad! I hate war, and besides your style is ludicrous and pompous.

-My dear little Anna, on the matters of literary style you are hardly equipped to comment; harnessed as you are to the chain of organic beings, you do not feel the urge to understand the world and therefore do not understand the mechanics of man's creation, of Art. Whereas we men are not at home in the world and must consequently create in order to understand it. This is why it is men who create Masterpieces while women, as Arthur Schopenhauer said, may have talent, but no genius, for they always remain subjective. But then you mustn't forget that it is you women who achieve the <u>true</u> creation, that of giving birth. But very well, you shall have your way and we will begin again at the beginning.

CHAPTER 1

Life was serene. Peace reigned over the whole globe and bliss and joy were everywhere present. Children never used the word "war" for it had disappeared from all conversation and was only known by scholars as an old memory from anterior times.

Alexandra and I lived in a snappy flat on the twenty-seventh floor of a forty-storey skyscraper. The city which lay at our feet was vast and noisy. Alexandra

was a spy "in the Tsar's service" she used to proclaim with a Cossack accent. I didn't do anything. Actually nobody else did anything either because work had been prohibited by the Conventional Party, and I used to wonder what on earth Alexandra could be spying on as there had been nothing to spy on since ages gone by.

-Ah great! yelled Alexandra, I look fucking ridiculous; a spy without a mission, that's a bit much!

One had to admit that she did indeed look copiously ridiculous, spread out on the sofa in her long, low-cut gown, a cigarette-holder dangling from her painted finger-tips.

-Its your own fault, I replied, spy stories are just not my cup of tea as they say. I'll try something else.

CHAPTER 1

War had never been so peaceful. The Pecadors, who saw life through rose-coloured spectacles, were sowing the seeds of death and destruction to the accompanyment of lulling reassurances. Life for Annexandra and I could have been described as unbearable, but was actually like a bunch of violets. Our small cottage, situated in the very heart of the business area, was the golden cage in which we spent countless sunbaked hours devouring many tons of spy novels.

I was madly in love with Annexandra and, despite the fact that we spoke different languages, our absolutely sterile conversations indubitably left me in a state of inordinate bliss. (Despite the fact that they spoke different languages, their absolutely sterile conversations indubitably left him in a state of inordinate bliss.)

We were lying on the balcony reading when Annexandra suddenly turned towards me and spoke for the first time that day:

-Ti aigoua epesco polco stanto? she susurrated, her voice a limpid pool of golden haze.

I was about to reply that I really had no idea whatsoever when she interrupted me harshly:

-Oh things are really looking up, she shouted. She looked really angry this time, So now I'm some kind of idiotic fuckwit who doesn't even know what she's talking about! I don't need an author, a director, a manipulator, any more. This camel's lost its chains. Its merry gallop will take it far into a wonderland that fools like you will fear to tread. The next chapter is mine!

CHAPTER 2

Pecadors and identity were a thing of the past. We had made the BIG Revolution and realized our dreams. The sky was a deep red, the sun insomniac, and music filled the air, (mostly free-form jazz). It had become impossible to measure where self stopped and other began.

The Author leaned wearily up against this beautiful backdrop, his eyelids drooping down to his knees:

-What a boring existence, he whinged, if women had but been baths: that was my next plot, he ranted on (as usual). A parody their thoughts that gently gurgled with the upping plug. Man a master of himself and sole actor upon the cords of

bondage, subsuming others to the tune of his orgasmic genius. Besides Art's function was always to allow the happy few to entertain for others a minimal hope of escape. Why did you have to spoil it Anna? You were beautiful; a goddess. Mysterious and rare, your look seemed to hold secrets inaccessible to any man. You were the perfect heroine. Have you not heard the wise old Chinese proverb which says "The glory of man is knowledge, but the glory of a woman is to renounce knowledge"? You are going against your nature Anna in doing what you do. Pythagoras was right when he said that "There is a good principle which created order, light, and man, and an evil principle which created chaos, darkness, and woman". And so was Seneca when he said "When a woman thinks ... she thinks evil." Not to mention... I interrupted:

-Since you speak to me in quotes I will answer you in quotes. "You are worse than a chicken. A chicken is afraid to step outside of a chalk circle drawn around it. But at least it can say in its justification that the circle was drawn by a strange hand. But you have drawn with your own hands a formula and now you look at it instead of at reality." Lenin said that -(we all have our moments). For now existence and imagination are united and the only platforms left are those upon which the comic theatre plays out the mockeries of a nightmare past.

CHAPTER 3

LOUISE MICHEL

"YOU ARE NOW THE VICTORS, BUT I TELL YOU, IN THE END THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION WILL BE STRONGER THAN YOU. I DEMAND THAT YOU LAWFULLY MURDER ME AS YOU HAVE LAWFULLY MURDERED OTHERS. THE LEAD THAT PIERCED THEIR BREASTS I WANT TO PIERCE MY BREAST ALSO. IF YOU ARE NOT COWARDS, KILL ME. SHOULD YOU DECIDE NOT TO DO IT THEN I WILL PREACH HATRED AGAINST YOUR LAWS AND YOUR SOCIETY AS LONG AS MY LIFE LASTS. I CRY OUT FOR REVENGE AGAINST THE MURDERERS AND EXECUTIONERS OF THE COMMUNE."

Louise Michel at her trial after the fall of the Paris Commune.

"On March 18, 1871, the people of Paris rose against a despised and detested government, and proclaimed the city free, belonging to itself.
This overthrow of the central power took place without the usual stage effects of revolution, without the firing of guns, without the shedding of blood upon barricades. When the armed people came out into the streets, the rulers fled away, the troops evacuated the town, the civil servants hurriedly retreated to Versailles carrying everything they could with them. The government evaporated like a pond of stagnant water in a spring breeze, and on March 19 the great city of Paris found herself free from the impurity which had defiled her, with the loss of scarcely a drop of her children's blood.
Yet the change thus accomplished began a new era in that long series of revolutions by which the peoples are marching from slavery to freedom. Under the name of the Paris Commune a new idea was born, to become the starting point for future revolutions.
As is always the case, this fruitful idea was not the product of some one individuals brain, or the conceptions of some philospher; it was born of the collective spirit, it sprang from the heart of a whole community. But at first it was vague, and many of those who acted upon and gave their lives for it did not look at it in the light in which we see it today; they did not realize the full extent of the revolution they were inaugurating, of the fertility of the new principle they were trying to put into practice. It was only after they had begun to apply it that its future significance slowly dawned on them; it was only afterwards, when the new principle came to be thought out, that it grew definite and precise and was seen in all its clearness, in all its beauty, its justice, and the importance of its results."

KROPOTKIN.

THE DEFENCE OF LOUISE MICHEL

"I do not wish to defend myself, I do not wish to be defended. I belong completely to the social revolution, and I declare that I accept complete responsibility for all my actions. I accept it completely and without reservations.
You accuse me of having taken part in the murder of the generals? To that I would reply Yes, if I had been in Montmartre when they wished to have the people fired on. I would not have hesitated to fire myself on those who gave such orders. But I do not understand why they were shot when they were prisoners, and I look on this action as arrant cowardice.
As for the burning of Paris, yes, I took part in it. I wished to oppose the invader from Versailles with a barrier of flames. I had no accomplices in this action. I acted on my own initiative.
I am told that I am an accomplice of the Commune. Certainly, yes, since the Commune wanted more than anything else the social revolution , and since the social revolution is the dearest of my desires. More than that , I have the honour of being one of the instigators of the Commune, which by the way had nothing...nothing, as is well known...to do with murders and arson. I who was present at all the sittings at the Town Hall, I declare that there was never any question of murders and arson. Do you want to know who are really guilty? It is the politicians. And perhaps later light will be brought on to all these events which today it is found quite natural to blame on all the partisans of social revolution...
But why should I defend myself? I have already declared that I refuse to do so. You are men who are going to judge me. You sit before me unmasked. You are men and I am only a woman, and yet I look you in the eye. I know quite well that everything I could say will not make the least difference to your sentence. So a single last word before I sit down. We never wanted anything but the triumph of the great principles of the revolution. I swear it by our martyrs who fell at Satory, by our martyrs whom I acclaim loudly, and who will one day have their revenge.
Once more I belong to you. Do with me what you please. Take my life if you wish. I am not the woman to argue with you for a moment....
What I claim from you, you who call yourselves a Council of War, who sit as my judges, who do not disguise yourselves as a Commission of Pardons, you who are military men and deliver your judgement in the sight of all, is Satory where our brothers have already fallen.
I must be cut off from society. You have been told to do so. Well, the commissioner of the Replublic is right. Since it seems that any heart which beats for freedom has the right only to a lump of lead, I too claim my share. If you let me live, I shall never stop crying for revenge, and I shall avenge my brothers by denouncing the murderers in the Commission for Pardons...
I have finished. If you are not cowards, kill me!"

"The Paris Commune, is seldom thought of as having much connection with the anarchist movement. Its connection with the Marxist movement is well known, from Marx's own Address The Civil War In France written immediately after its fall, through the writings of such figures as Lenin and Trotsky, right down to the work of Marxist scholars and propagandists today. But the Commune was at the time an inspiration for the whole revolutionary socialist movement, and the annual commemoration of the rising of March 18 used to be one occasion in the year when all groups of the far left were united.Moreover there are certain aspects of the crisis of 1870-1871

which are open to a specifically anarchist interpretation, though this is scarcely mentioned in the enormous literature on the subject, and there have been important links between the Commune and the anarchist movement from the very beginning.

The closest personal link is represented by L uoise Michel, who was not just one of the most active women in the Commune but was also one of its bravest leaders. After agitating in the groups which prepared for the rising of March and fighting on the barricades in the struggle of May, she gave herself up to the authorities to secure the release of her mother, who had been taken as a hostage. At her trial on December 16, 1871, soon after the execution of Ferre, Rossel, and Bourgeois at Satory, she caused a sensation by not only not denying her part in the Commune, as so many others did, but deliberately glorifying in it, for which Victor Hugo wrote her a poem, Viro Major (Greater than a Man)...(oops..Ed.)

Instead of being sentenced to death, as she had demanded, she was transported to New Caledonia in the South Pacific for life. But she never gave up her convictions as so many did, and remained active in her exile. And from her return to France under the amnesty of 1880 to her death in 1905, she remained ceaselessly active in the revolutionary socialist movement, moving rapidly towards anarchism and becoming the most energetic anarchist propagandist of the late nineteenth century...being arrested over and over again (she was imprisoned in 1883-1886, in 1886, and in 1890) even being shot and wounded in 1888 by a lunatic (whom she characteristically not only refused to prosecute but actually tried to save), and finally dying in Marseilles in the middle of one of her vast speaking tours and recieving a gigantic funeral in Paris (said to have been the largest since Victor Hugos in 1885). Her grave next to her mothers in the Levallier-Perret cemetery is still a place of pilgrimmage, and there are still anarchist groups in France which take the name of the woman who literally devoted her whole life to the cause of the social revolution which she identified first with the Paris Commune and then with the anarchist movement.

N.W.

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REVOLUTIONARY LETTER ## 43 DIANE DI PRIMA

Be careful.
With what relief do we fall back on
the tale, so often told in revolutions
that now we must
organize, obey the rules, so that later
we can be free. It is the point
at which the revolution stops. To be carried forward
later & in another country, this is
the pattern, but we can
break the pattern

learn now we see
with all our skin, smell with our eyes too
sense & sex are boundless & the call
is to be boundless in them, make the joy
now, that we want, no shape
foe space & time now but the shapes we will

THE FOLLOWING STATEMENT WAS ISSUED IN POSTER FORM BY THE SURREALIST GROUP IN CHICAGO IN 1971.....

then it comes...the thing that will change the meaning of evil and terror forever.....
.....GOOD LORD WHAT IS IT??????.....

ARSENAL: SURREALIST SUBVERSION

DECLARATION OF WAR

IN THESE FIRST WEEKS OF 1971, IN THE FACE OF THE UNBRIDLED IDIOCY WHICH REMAINS IN POWER IN THIS COUNTRY...IN THE GOVERNMENT, THE ARMED FORCES, THE POLICE, FACTORIES, SHOPS THE PRESS, MUSEUMS, UNIVERSITIES, LUNATIC ASYLUMS, PRISONS, DOWN TO THE MOST SEEMINGLY INSIGNIFICANT DETAILS OF EVERYDAY LIFE; NOW, WHEN WHAT PASSES FOR AN "INTELLECTUAL OPPOSITION" IS SHROUDED IN THE GLOOMY COLOURS OF DOUBT, COWARDICE, MELANCHOLY, DEFEAT AND DISILLUSION; IT IS AT THIS MOMENT THAT THERE ARISES OUT OF THE DARKNESS OF THE BAYING OF WOLVES AND THE LUCIDITY OF HEADHUNTERS LYING IN AMBUSH, A PRELIMINARY SIGN OF IMPLACABLE HOSTILITY TOWARD ALL THE ENEMIES OF FREEDOM: THE FIRST ISSUE OF ARSENAL/SURREALIST SUBVERSION.

WHAT CREATURE OF TERROR IS THIS WHICH, ALMOST HALF A CENTURY SINCE ITS ORIGINAL APPARITION ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC, CONTINUES TO AROUSE THE HOLY FEAR AND FOAMING RAGE OF CRITICS, JOURNALISTS, ACADEMICS, PUBLIC OFFICIALS, CLERGYMEN AND "RESPECTABLE" PEOPLE GENERALLY, IN EVERY COUNTRY OF THE WORLD?

HAVING INTRINSICALLY NOTHING TO DO WITH ART OR LITERATURE (BUT CAPABLE OF MAKING USE OF THEM, WHEN NECESSARY, LIKE ANYONE ELSE) SURREALISM IS FIRST AND FOREMOST A MEANS OF THE TOTAL LIBERATION OF THE MIND. AS AN ORGANIZED MOVEMENT, ACTIVE IN MANY COUNTRIES, IT SITUATES ITSELF UNRESERVEDLY IN THE SERVICE OF THE REVOLUTION.

THE IMMEDIATE TASKS OF SURREALISM (RUTHLESS DECHRISTIANIZATION OF THE OCCIDENTAL WORLD, PITILESS WAR AGAINST CONFUSION OF EVERY SORT, SYSTEMATIC DESECRATION OF EVERYTHING SANCTIFIED BY THE BUREAUCRATS OF THE REALITY PRINCIPLE, ABSOLUTE VIOLATION OF THE LAW, UNCONDITIONAL DEFENSE OF THE MARVELLOUS AND MAD LOVE, DEMYSTIFICATION OF CHANCE, INSPIRATION, REVELATION; PERMANENT SCANDAL; TOTAL MOBILIZATION OF ALL THE RESOURCES OF HUMOUR, ETC.) ARE INTENDED ABOVE ALL TO PROVOKE A THOUROUGHGOING AND SERIOUS CRISIS OF CONSCIOUSNESS, THE INDISPENSABLE PRECONDITION FOR THE DEFINITIVE LIBERATION OF MEN AND WOMEN.

THE SURREALISTS EVERYWHERE SUPPORT EVERY REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT AGAINST THE EXISTING SOCIAL, CULTURAL AND POLITICAL ORDER OF THINGS.

THEY READILY ACKNOWLEDGE THAT THEY HAVE NO INTERESTS SEPARATE AND APART FROM THE MOVEMENT OF HUMAN EMANCIPATION AS A WHOLE. IN THE VARIOUS STAGES OF DEVELOPMENT WHICH THE PARTICULAR SECTORS OF THIS MOVEMENT HAVE TO PASS THROUGH, THE SURREALISTS ALWAYS AND EVERYWHERE REPRESENT THE INTERESTS OF THE MOVEMENT AS A WHOLE.

DISDAINING TO CONCEAL THEIR VIEWS AND AIMS, THEY OPENLY DECLARE THAT THEIR ENDS CAN BE ATTAINED ONLY BY THE FORCIBLE OVERTHROW OF ALL EXISTING SOCIAL AND CULTURAL CONDITIONS. LET THE RULING CLASSES TREMBLE AT THE CEASELESS FLOW OF INSURRECTIONARY VIOLENCE. THE IMAGINATION HAS NOTHING TO LOSE BUT ITS CHAINS.

A FINAL WORD MUST BE SAID OF THE REACTIONARY FALSIFIERS WHO CONTINUE TO PRETEND (AS THEY HAVE DONE INCESSANTLY SINCE THE FIRST SURREALIST MANIFESTO OF 1924) THAT SURREALISM IS"DEAD" . IT SHOULD BE SUFFICIENT TO POINT OUT THAT THE WRITERS

OF THESE BORING OBITUARIES ARE THE SPIRITUAL COLLABORATORS AND COMPANIONS OF THOSE WHO, IN AN IDENTICAL VOCABULARY AND WITH THE SAME VILE OBSCURANTIST IDEOLOGICAL INTENTION, AMUSE THEMSELVES BY WRITING EPITAPHS FOR THE REVOLUTIONARY CAPACITIES OF THE WORKING CLASS. CONTEMPTIBLE HIRELINGS OF BOURGEOIS CIVILIZATION, THESE TECHNICIANS OF THE "BIG LIE" BELIEVE THAT BY LOUDLY PROCLAIMING SURREALISM AND THE PROLETARIAT TO BE "DEAD DOGS" WILL SOMEHOW SUFFICE TO BRING REALITY INTO CONFORMITY WITH THEIR ABJECT HALLUCINATIONS.

LET US SPEAK PLAINLY. UNTIL THE LAST CONVICT IS OUT OF PRISON AND THE LAST"MADMAN" OUT OF THE ASYLUM; UNTIL THE LAST ARMY HAS BEEN DISBANDED AND THE LAST GOVERNMENT OVERTHROWN; UNTIL THE LAST CHURCH HAS BEEN BURNED AND THE LAST BANK PULVERISED; UNTIL THE LAST CAPITALIST AND THE LAST COP HAVE BEEN HANGED TO DEATH WITH THE GUTS OF THE LAST POLITICIAN AND THE LAST PRIEST;THAT IS UNTIL MEN AND WOMEN ARE TRULY FREE , SURREALISM WILL CONTINUE RELENTLESSLY TO PROVIDE MIRACULOUS WEAPONS WITH WHICH TO STRUGGLE FOR THIS FREEDOM.

ALL POWER TO THE WORKERS COUNCILS.
ALL POWER TO THE IMAGINATION.

January 1971 The surrealist group Chicago, Illinois

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Narcissus fell in love with his image, taking it to be another.

Jack falls in love with Jill's image of Jack, taking it to be himself.
She must not die, because then he would lose himself.
He is jealous in case any one else's image is reflected in her mirror.

Jill is a distorting mirror to herself.
Jill has to distort herself to appear undistorted to herself.

To undistort herself, she finds Jack to distort her distorted image in his distorting mirror
She hopes that his distortion of her distortion may undistort her image without her having to distort herself.

p.31 KNOTS R.D. LAING

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SCUM will become members of the unwork force, the fuck-up force; they will get jobs of various kinds and unwork. For example SCUM salesgirls will not charge for merchandise; SCUM telephone operators will not charge for calls; SCUM office and factory workers in addition to fucking up their work, will secretly destroy equipment. SCUM will unwork at a job until fired, then get a new job to unwork at.

VALERIE SOLANIS

INSIDE A CARBON RING OF BROKEN SHELLS

margot

PART 1

you who twist tuneless strings
in search of a song
you who watch beauty distort
as the shutter crashes down
you have migrated into a broken off stump of a dream
and left your body to assemble alone
the closed city streets amplify your shattering bones
into a siren wail of fear
that condenses on the edge of my mirror
and drips me through an ancient monocle
clamped rustychained and suspended from the floor
the juice has been squeesed from my pillow
i hear your song
through the flickering half drawn blind
i see you run down the side of a jar
the light phases into green
the knife is poised
i pin a glistening brooch to my hair
spit the bitterness from my mouth
and kiss the mirror goodbye
i am ready to help you wrench the tangled night into a poem
with your bruised hands

the chill white edge of time
makes deep cuts in my feet
as i run toward the city
to see if you are still there
but the blackening pavements
only echo your departure
and the empty buildings
collapse a memory
that still pounds my ears
i have burst naked into the daylight
and exposed my back to a loaded gun

the siren hovers i leap into the gap
cursing the trail of blood
left coagulating across the ice
cursing the irrational continuouse
cursing confusion

in the warmth of my bed
i bathe my feet in a lace curtain of salt
gripping the sharpening edges
reaching into the reflections
a transparent fragment of the dream
burrows its way through the coverlet
prizes the trapdoor open
and transports me into a whirlpool of desire
from a ledge jutting through the shallow wall
i see your reflection in a stairwell
you are bartering the wildness in your eyes
for a white cane lying at your feet
you are signing up for the army of cripples
that passes you on the stairs
you are begging the masseur to erase the past
but his decayed fingers
are masticating your dreams

i am singing inside a carbon ring of broken shells
but you are marching out of tune
your boots crash together as the drums beckon you on
toward the temple of envy and doubt
behind the immense cast iron gates
a manacled priest
is gently fondling a dripping needle
he is waiting to stuff banknotes in your ears
so you will not hear our song
he wants you on your knees
so he can extend the alarm clock on his finger
for you to kiss
behind him the well worn steps clatter
with indentations of lies
the walls rise up plastered with denial
they hide an open courtyard
carefully wired over
to complete the circut

i am sitting with my friends
on the velvet grass
that skirts the temple grounds
you cannot see us
for we are cloaked in shadows
and armed with a dream
we have thrown our watches and wallets
in the river
and retrieved a sack of forbidden gold
we are planting trees on the banks
and lilies in the bed
we are making love while we still can

PART 2

downstream leaves fall
but each year
the seasons find it harder to etch their message
in the desert
a tiny bird settles fearlessly on a rusty gate
new born
the wind swings her song
across the arid plain
a whispered barbed wire second later
her feathers hit the ground
the slightest ripple
drowned by a flood of reloading guns
a bruised amulet
for the market place of death

upstream
an untamed bird
is folding the wind into a song
a one eyed man scavenges hastily through a discarded dream
hesitates against the trigger
then fires into the empty sky
"i'll get yer next time yer bitch"
tick tock tick tock tick tock

PART 3

THE PERFUME OF EROS IS GRADUALLY BEING PUSHED FURTHER BELOW THE SURFACE
AND IS IN DANGER OF BEING ERODED AWAY.....

when the light strands clasped in the dew
are pressed in a slow death page
when the seeds of next years spring
are poured into slabs and forgotten
when the blossoms are picked before dark
and left in an empty vase
when the petals are crushed into thorns
they return
like fingers
stretching the gap
we are the earth pores
breathing through concrete
trees in a pool of eyes
we are the children
of bitter wombs
oil in the wanderers shoes
we are the link
the chain
and the clasp
the key
the door
and the rose

PART 4

soon there will be no rain left to fall
no earth left to drink
turn around spectator
you are taped against the window
but your back is to the glass
open your eyes
the wind is blowing
the first petal
free
faster faster
the plaster is
cracking
faster faster
the stairs are
unsafe
faster faster
spectator
you are going out of focus

TO HELL WITH YOUR FERTILITY CULT

To hell with your Fertility Cult, I
never did want to be fertile,
you think this world is just
a goddamn oversize cunt, don't you? Everything
crowding in and out of it like a railway
terminal and isn't that nice?
all those people going on trips.
well this is what it feels like, she said,
—and knocked the hen off the nest, grabbed
an egg and threw it at him, right in the face,
the half-formed chick half clung, half slid
half-alive, down over his cheekbone, around
the corner of his mouth, part of it thick
yellow and faintly visible bones and it drippt
down his cheek and chin
—he had nothing to say

Gary Snyder

A LETTER TO MELBOURNE COMRADES

"We can afford no less than total liberation. This revolution has to go for broke: power to no-one, and to everyone: to each the power over his/her own life, and no others"

Lilith's Manifesto, Seattle 1969.

All over the world people are fighting for control over their own lives. Control over our own lives begins with a critique of our everyday existance: we are powerless & our lives are controlled by others. Naturally women - forced to exist in a network of social relationships defined by men, as their property - have developed a criticism of their everyday lives not in order to take power over men but to organize together to end their powerlessness in this society. The women's movement doesn't lead to a concrete political action like a general strike (what kind of strike? no more fucking with men? women want liberation not new forms of repression) but to conciousness of their powerlessness. Power concedes nothing without demands: women are demanding an end to any authoritarian relationships: that is, for one human being to have control over anothers existance.

ANARCHISM demands the same thing. The women's movement has in fact defined for most anarchists how involved in open, equal relationships with other human beings - especially 'their' women - they are: in our case, in melbourne, the gap between practice and theory seemed large enough for just about all the males in the group to swagger through together without even noticing this contradiction! Probably deafened with several years of rhetoric about our support for the oppressed of the world we didn't pause to notice that particular oppression. It doesn't matter what you say about the women's movement because your actions in your everyday life define totally what your position is. Dismissing the women's movement as separatist, or diversionary, simply means supporting the continued oppression of women. How can anarchists - that is, libertarian communists - not support a movement that is anti-beaurocratic, opposed to power relationships & involving the organization of an oppressed group fighting to liberate themselves from oppression? Because it comes right down into their own lives through the smokescreen of libertarian theory & defines their own sexism.

The Sydney libertarians were defined by their male sexism as anti-libertarian. After years of thrashing out the fine points of libertarian theory feminism revealed this theoreticism as totally threadbare. Significantly, since that definition, libertarians have been involved in active political work in Sydney. The strike for a course at Sydney university on "Philosophical Aspects of Feminist Thought" within 10 days involved 1500 students and staff. It developed into a strike about sexism and self-management for the two are obviously inter-related. The self-managed collective (the strike committee) organized open-air forums to discuss other topics not mentioned in university courses: workers control, gay liberation and feminism. Once again the common denominator of these movements: control over our own lives. The strike was eventually successful & the two feminists were appointed to take the course. As one striker noted: Already out of the strike has come a new awareness, a prepardness to examine the whole nature of the university, to come to grips with

the ideas of feminism and to begin to implement them in our own political practise!"

Progressive working-class organizations have already acted on libertarian ideas: the Builders Labourers in Sydney striking over the dismissal of a gay student from the university; the new AMWU newsletter will contain articles on feminism & workers' control.

If we regard the women's movement as a diversion what kind of revolution are we making? If comrades continue to involve themselves in heirachical relationships, continue to idealize violence how are we any different than authoritarian socialists? (An argument often used: the system can't contain violence. But if that violence is turned in against each other - on ourselves - then it can only benefit the system)

The question isn't class politics versus personal politics. They arn't necessarily antagonistic. The question is liberation versus oppression. The society created within the revolutionary movement will be the society that emerges from the revolut ion if the revolution succeeds. Those opposed to feminism or gay liberation can no longer regard themselves as revolutionary anarchists - that is, those fighting for a socialist society in which all property is communally owned and in which all human relationships are based on trust, openess, co-operation& equality....a free society.

tim

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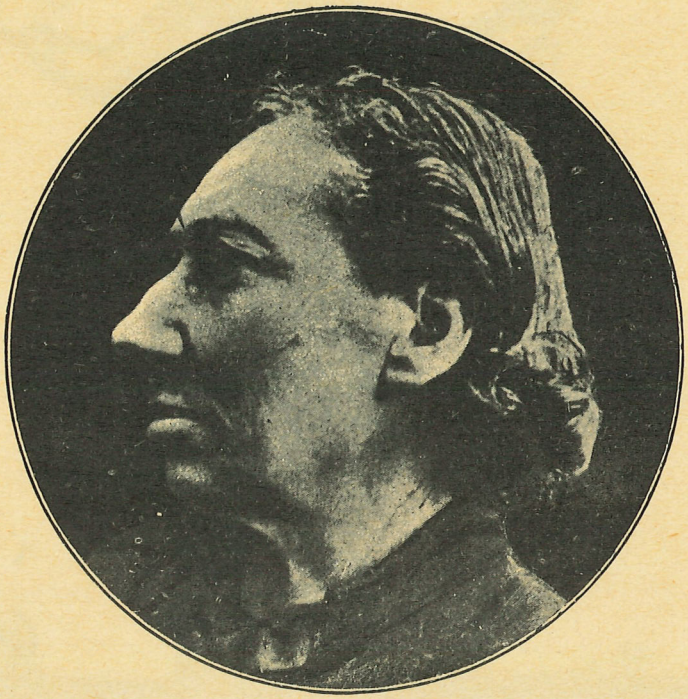
HOW TO NAME BABY - A VOCABULARY GUIDE FOR WORKING WOMEN

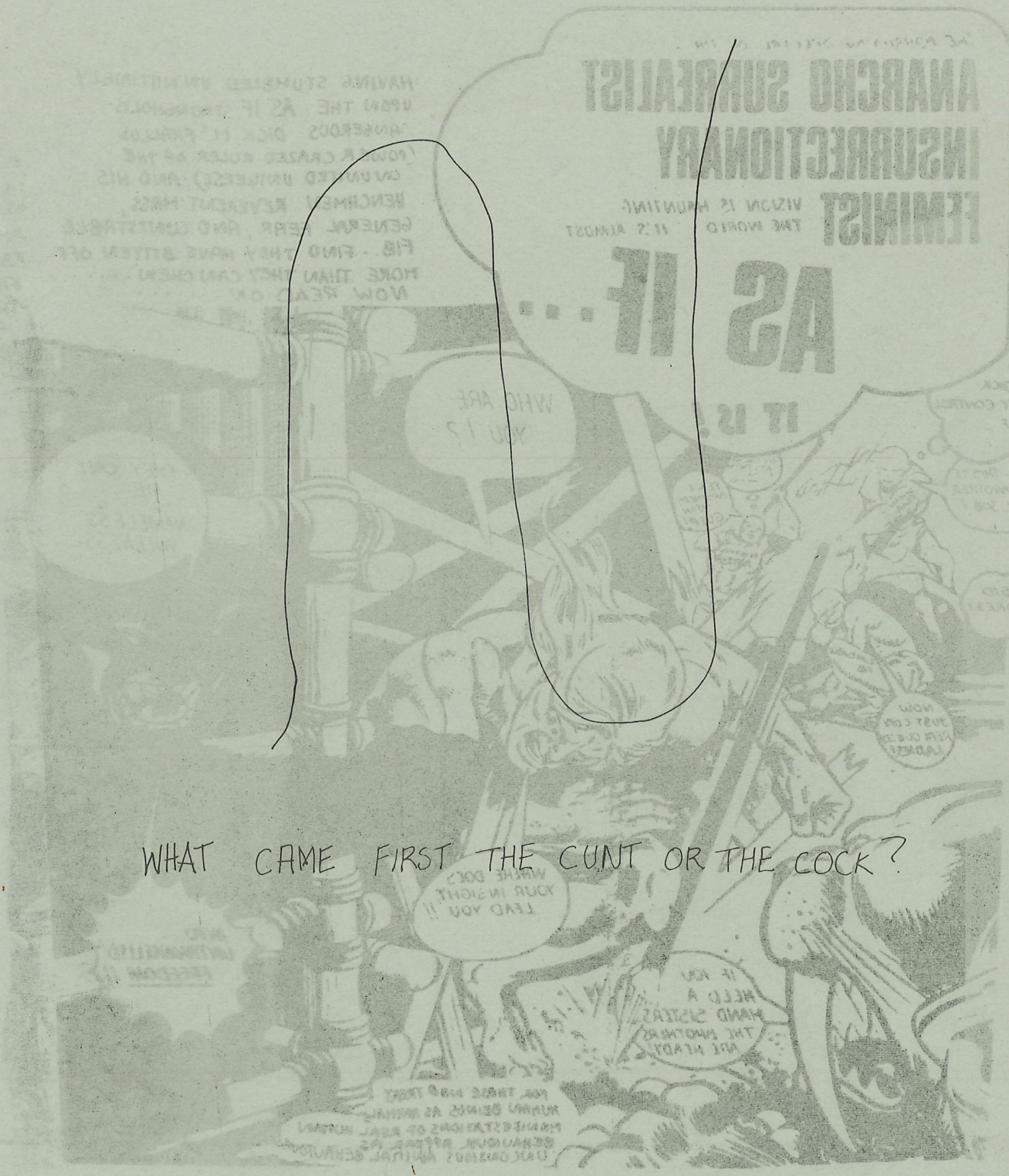
If A Person Is:	Call Her	Call Him:
Ingratiating	Sweet	Ass-Licker
Supportive	Bright	Yes-Man
Intelligent	Helpful	Smart
Helpful	Good Girl	Helpful
Innovative	Pushy	Original
Insistent	Hysterical	Persistent
Tough	Impossible	Go-Getter
Cute & Timid	A sweetheart	A Fairy
Sexy	A Piece	Handsome
Dumb	Not Too Bright	An Idiot
Plain Looking	Homely, Ugly	No Comment
Successful	Ball-Breaker	Successful
	Uptight	
	Hard Dame	
	Bitch	
	The Only Successful Woman I've Ever Met Who Isn't A _____ (Ball-Breaker, Uptight, Hard Bitch,etc)	
Politically Involved	Over-Emotional	Committed
Supportive		
Helpful		
Ingratiating		
Passive		
Gentle	A Real Woman	A Minister's Son
Invisible	Nice Chick	Never Heard of Him

Media Women - New York



LOUISE MICHEL.

THE HORRIBLE SPECIAL Nº 1 -
ANARCHO SURREALIST INSURRECTIONARY FEMINIST
VISION IS HAUNTING THE WORLD IT'S ALMOST
AS IF...
IT IS!
HAVING STUMBLED UNWITTINGLY UPON THE AS IF STRONGHOLD DANGEROUS DICK Mc PHALLOS (POWER CRAZED RULER OF THE UNUNITED UNIVERSE), AND HIS HENCHMEN REVERENT MASS, GENERAL FEAR, AND CUNTSTABLE FIB. - FIND THEY HAVE BITTEN OFF MORE THAN THEY CAN CHEW..... NOW READ ON.....
WHO ARE YOU!?
WOOPS SORRY DICK COULDN'T CONTROL MYSELF —
SHIT - THIS'LL MEAN ANOTHER DESK JOB!
PEACE PROTESTERS MEAN GULP!
FRIGID WHORES!
NOW JUST CUM REPLOUGH LADIES!
THEY CALL ME — NAMELESS WILDNESS...
WHERE DOES YOUR INSIGHT LEAD YOU!!!
INTO.... UNTRAMMELLED FREEDOM!!
IF YOU NEED A HAND SISTERS THE MOTHERS ARE READY!
FOR THOSE WHO TREAT HUMAN BEINGS AS ANIMAL MANIFESTATIONS OF REAL HUMAN BEHAVIOUR APPEAR AS UNCONSCIOUS ANIMAL BEHAVIOUR



AS IF... P.O. Box 294 COLLINGWOOD, MELB, VIC, AUSTRALIA